

SIX BEAUTIFUL SONGS.

112

Gloomy Winters now awa,

Gloomy Winters come again

The land o' the leal,

For lack of Gold,

*Loudons bonny woods
and braes,*

The Lass o' Peaties Mill.



Peterhead: Printed by P. Buchan.

Gloomy Winter's now awa'.

Gloomy winter's now awa,
Saft the westlin breezes blaw:
'Mang the birks o' Stanly shaw,
The mavis sings fu cheery O;
Sweet the crawflowers early bell,
Decks Gleniffers dewy dell;
Blooming like thy bonny sel',
My young, my artless dearie O.

Come my lassie let us stray
O'er Glenkillocks fanny brae,
Blythly spend the gouden day,
Midst joys that never weary O.
Tow'ring o'er the Newton woods,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw white clouds;
Siller faughs wi' downy buds,
Adorn the bank sae briery O;

Around the silvan fairy nooks,
Feathery breckens fringe the rocks;
Neath the brae the burnie jouks;
And ilka thing is cheery O.
Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flow'rs may bloom, and verdure spring
Joy to me they canno bring,
Unless wi' thee my dearie O.

Gloomy Winter's come again.

Gloomy winters come again,
 Heavy fa's the fleet and rain;
 Flecky snaw decks white the plain,
 and ilka thing looks dreary O.
 Hoary frost o'erispreads each dale,
 Glazing firm each chrystal rill,
 It minds me o' fickle fel,
 my fair, but faithless Mary O.

Lanely I tread each tractless way,
 Where with thee Mary I did stray,
 my heart opprest with grief and wae,
 Thou art false and looks dreary O.
 The high clad hills o'ertap the clouds,
 The hare flees timorous thro' the woods,
 The trees forsaken by their buds,
 Emblems of me and mary O.

A' around deserted looks,
 Tangles fringe the barren rocks,
 And children by the ingle neucks
 Tell tales that make them eerie O.
 Storms may rage and tempests roar,
 Restless billows beat the shore,
 Joy on earth I'll ne'er hae more,
 But live and mourn my mary O.

The Land o' the Leal.

I'm wearing awa Jean,
 Like snaw when its thaw Jean;
 I'm wearing awa
 to the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there Jean,
 There's nae cauld nor care Jean,
 The day is ay fair,
 In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal an true Jean,
 Your tasks ended now Jean,
 And I'll welcome you
 to the land o' the leal.
 Our bonny bairns there Jean;
 She was baith guid an fair Jean,
 And we grudg'd her right fair
 to the land o' the leal.

Then dry that tearfu' ee Jean,
 my soul lang's to be free Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 to the land o' the leal.
 Now fare ye weel my ain Jean,
 This warld's care is vain Jean,
 We'll meet and ay be fain
 In the land o' the leal.

FOR LACK OF GOLD.

For lack of gold she's left me O,
And of all that's dear bereft me O!
She me forsook for a great Duke,
And to endless care has left me O!

A Star and Garter has more art,
Than yonth, a true and faithful heart,
For empty titles we must part,
And for glittering shew she's left me O!

No cruel fair shall ever move
My injured heart again to love;
Thro' distant climes I must rove,
Since Jeanie she has left me O.

Ye Powers above, I to your care
Commit my lovely, charming fair;
Your choicest blessings on her share,
Tho' she's for ever left me O!

Earl Moira's Farewell.

Loudons bonny woods and braes,
 I maun lea them a Lassie:
 Wha can thole when Britains faes
 would gie Britains law Lassie!
 Wha would shun the field of danger,
 Wha to fame would live a stranger?
 Now when freedon bids aveng her,
 Wha would shun her ca Lassie?

Loudens bonny woods and braes,
 Hae seen our happy bridal days;
 And gentle hope shall sooth thy waes
 When I am far awa Lassie.
 Hark! the swelling bugle sings,
 yielding joy to thee Laddie!
 But the dolefu bugle brings
 Waefu thoughts to me Laddie!

Lanely I may climb the mountain,
 Lanely stray beside the fountain,
 Still the weary moments counting,
 Far frae love and thee Laddie:
 O'er the gory field of war,
 Where vengeance drives his crimson car,
 Thou'lt may-be fa frae me afar,
 And nane to clesse thy ee Laddie.

O resume thy wonted smile,
 O suppress thy fear Lassie,
 Glorious honour crowns the toil,
 that the Soldier shares Lassie.
 Heaven will shield thy faithful lover,
 Till the vengefu strife is over,
 Then well meet nae mair to sever,
 till the day we die Lassie.

midst our bonny woods and braes,
 We'll spend our peaceful happy days.
 As blythes yon lightsome lambs plays
 On Loudons flowery lee Lassie.



The Lads o' Peaties Mill.

The Lads o' Peaties mill
 so bonny blyth and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 bare headed on the green,
 Love midst her locks did play,
 and wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white round and smooth,
 breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 to press 'em with his hand!
 Thro' all my spirits ran
 an extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetness fand,
 wrapt in a balmy kiss.

Without the help of art,
 like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 when e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her looks they were so mild,
 free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hoptouns high mountains fill,
 Insured long life and health,
 and pleasure at my will,
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 that none but bonny she
 The Lass of Peaties mill,
 should share the same with me.

F I N I S.